claret, bend to wash the sins of the week away. Across the mosque, two in burnt amber and yellow ochre dresses walk together towards the Mehrab ; against its grey shadows the various tones of yellow show up best. Another enters the great square in lettuce-green with shawl of mulberry, while an old man with a long beard and a decrepit step wears a violet coat whose deep hue strikes a richer note in colour than all the rest. He is accompanied by one in slate colour and yellow turban, while close by a long-coated figure in scarlet has a cap of gold. A boy in richest peacock satin brocaded with pink bouquets bends over the water, and two, who may be twin brothers of equal height, are robed alike in brightest rose. A man in a moss-green velvet jacket removes a shawl of mandarin yellow on the Mehrab steps, and two others pass up behind him, one in a zebra-striped jacket of black and tawny orange, and his companion in a grass-green drapery over snowy white, and a yellow pug-

gree on his head.

While ever around the dome the silver linings of the pigeons' wings circle in the sunlight.

And holy women have watched the soaring

of